

BUTLER WEEKLY TIMES

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BUTLER MISSOURI.
WEDNESDAY, OCT. 3, 1883.

Hon. A. P. Morehouse, representative in the legislature from Nodaway county, is talked of as a candidate for Lieutenant governor.

Lord chief Justice Coleridge of England, arrived in St. Louis, on the evening of the 27th. A committee of the most prominent lawyers of St. Louis, met his lordship at Alton.

Col. George Knapp, senior proprietor of the St. Louis Republican died on board the steamer Portland on the 18th enroute home from Europe. He was 68 years of age. The Republican pays him a beautiful tribute which we publish in another column.

Jay Cook the famous banker and millionaire who went down in the financial crash of 1873, losing everything even the house that sheltered himself and family, is again a rich man worth a \$1,000,000. It is said he accumulated his new fortune by dealing in Colorado mining stock, and with a part of it has repurchased the old homestead.

The Kansas City Times says that Bates county will be the third county in the State in point of wealth and population when the next census shall be taken. The counties will stand as follows, it says: St. Louis, Jackson, Bates, Buchanan, &c. The press of Bates county has contributed not a little to that result, if the above anticipations shall be realized.

The Walnut Journal and the Rich Hill Review are in a terrible range. The Journal seems to have the inside track and is warring brother Irish considerable. There is no need of discussing the quality of the coal gentlemen, everybody up this way is thoroughly satisfied, (blacksmith and all,) that one bushel of the Walnut coal is worth five of the Rich Hill coal.

Henry Villard, President of the Northern Pacific railroad, who has been banqueted and toasted throughout the length of the road late, was once a newspaper reporter connected at the time with the Cincinnati Commercial and later on with the Washington Press.

In this connection we have noticed that Mr. George Vanderbilt of New York, whose inheritance is several millions, is ambitious of being a Journalist and to that end has engaged himself to report the police court proceedings for a New York paper at a small salary. Young George is sensible. He is beginning at the right place to make it in course of time a successful newspaper man.

The nomination of General Butler by the democrats of Massachusetts was a foregone conclusion. There cannot be much doubt of his election. He has proved beyond doubt the necessity of reform in every department of the government of the old Bay state. He has awakened not a desire for reform in the corrupt administration for so many years, but rather a hatred in the chronic office-holders of the man who had the boldness and ability to expose their schemes. He will have more power and influence next year.

Work has begun on the St. Louis, Emporia and Western road at Rich Hill. It is reported that J. D. Scott, an old railway contractor, has the contract to build ten miles, and somebody else the balance of the road to Appleton City. Scott is at work on the Marias Des Cygnes bottom, which he is anxious to finish before bad weather sets in.—Henry County Democrat.

Mistaken gentlemen it is nothing, but a turn pike the Rich Hillites are throwing across the bottom to a bridge site on the river.

FORGOTTEN HISTORY.

Immediately following the death of Napoleon Bonaparte on the island of St. Helena in 1822, there appeared in England among the new publications of the day a book entitled "Napoleon in Exile; or, A Voice from St. Helena." The work purported to give the opinions and reflections of Napoleon on the most important events of his history in his own words, and was written by Barry O'Meara, who was the fallen chief's surgeon during the two years of his exile at St. Helena.

But it was known that a part of the original manuscript had been suppressed by the British authorities, in fact the most important part, for it embraced Napoleons declarations as to the conditions of the crowned heads of Europe and what relation they had sustained toward him in the past. Hence through the influence of these powers Britain suppressed O'Meara's book in so far as it referred to them. But the manuscript was not destroyed and although a half century has intervened since the work was published in London, it has lately been discovered that a citizen in a quiet village in Texas is the indifferent possessor of it and with whom negotiations are now pending for its recovery and subsequent publication by some eminent English parties. Words from Napoleon's lips will be as interesting to-day as they would have been fifty years ago.

Ben Butler.

The St. Joseph Gazette, on Ben Butler: The Greenbackers, last Tuesday, furnished the vest. Last Wednesday the Democrats furnished all the balance of the suit, until to-day this political harlequin and clown is pretty well accommodated in the matter of clothes.

Every garment he has on should be, like Joseph's coat, full of many colors, for he has been many things in his strong, vigorous, aggressive lifetime.

States rights Democrat: ardent supporter of Jefferson Davis in the Charleston Convention, staunch to Breckenridge as against Douglas; an unconditional Union man; a zealous advocate of the most extreme of war measures; a general without a victory; a proscriptionist after peace was declared; a Greenbacker; a woman's rights man; an independent candidate for governor; then a prominent and outspoken states rights Democrat again—is there anything else known to the shift, the change, and the demagoguery of American politics that this man has not sought for a season, embraced, and revelled in?

Why, then, it may be asked, does the Democratic party take Ben Butler up, endorse him, and elect him, if it is a party seeking to reform the civil service of the government, and bring the administration of affairs back to the old modes and processes of the constitution? Upon the principle solely of fighting the devil with fire. Massachusetts was joined to her idols and she had to be either let alone like Ephraim, or a renegade had to be found who could beat down or destroy them. Intrenched as the Republican party is to-day in the United States, any mode of warfare is acceptable which can kill it. England had Indians to fight George Washington. France had Indians to fight George the Third. Turkey had Bashi Bazonks to fight the Russians, and the Russians had Cossacs to fight the Turk. The Americans at New Orleans called upon the pirates of the Gulf to help them against Pakenham, and the Republicans of the Grant regime called upon the satraps, the provost marshals, and the carpet-baggers to help them against the Democracy. Anything is fair in war, and this man Butler is the most available man in Massachusetts for the work necessary to be done. These Pecksniffian Hoars he will assault with a manure fork. The blue bloods of Beacon Hill will take to what shipping may be found in the harbor when he comes roaring up from the Tewksbury marshes, master of every weapon of savage denunciation, and skilled in all the horrid arts of blackguardism.

That was a monstrous Augean stable, that Massachusetts ore, buttressed upon a majority which seemed to grow larger year after year. Radicalism, true to its hereditary instincts, began to play the tyrant and the thief. It dealt in dead men's bones. It skinned the paupers who died of violence in dens of filth and torment. It tanned the skins that they might be utilized for shoes, drum-heads and parchments. It allied with every monopoly known to special legislation and reduced the labor of the state to starvation figures. It begot every ism known to political crankery and prostitution, and sent it broadcast over the land as the east wind sends the poison of yellow fever over all the low-lying coasts and tropical islands of the sea. It grew so in insolence, bullying, and the knock-down-and-drag-out style of political administration that decency revolted, and what was left of personal self-respect and sovereignty, began to look about for an avenger. A lily-handed dilettante would not do. A carmel eating, pick-and-span jamboree of a fellow wouldn't do. A man who can get drunk on baked beans, like Hoar, or wear a seal-skin coat in July, like Charles Francis Adams, jr., wouldn't do. No blue-eyed man would do, mild as May, velvety, broad-faced, and as unassuming as a field dandelion. The sort of man, who had lungs, stomach, and digestion, and who knew no more about conscience than the fishes in the Mammoth Cave know about the sun. And he has been found. With a great club in his hands, Butler is in the midst of the Pecksniffs and the Venerings, doing such work as only an outlawed colossus can do when the hour has struck for vengeance upon all who once belittled his pedigree and snapped their jeweled fingers in his plebeian face.

And the Democracy? Oh! the Democracy—they are well content to see

"Plucked off the old bark when the dinner was slow to renew it; And put to the Lord's work the sinner, when the saints failed to do it."

Iowa.

Ordinarily, the Republican party can count upon a majority in Iowa ranging anywhere from 40,000 to 60,000. But the devotion of that party to the interests of the monopolists. The legislation of that party in the interests of the few to the sorrow of the many. The efforts of that party to regulate by statute the morals of the people. The determination expressed by that party to say what the masses shall and shall not drink—these tyrannical and hateful things done by the Republican party, and more like these—is creating a revolution in Iowa that may bring about some unexpected developments in November.

Perhaps it is expecting too much, if any one expects a Democratic victory up there. Such an event would be largely in the nature of a miracle, and the days of the miracles ended with the Apostles; but some sort of a blow will be struck, which will have venom and power in it. It may not be able to crush Radicalism completely, but it will surely lay out Prohibition. That is something. This Prohibition business is worse, if anything, than Radicalism. It poisons everybody it touches. You may take an ordinarily clever man, as the world goes—a tolerant, decent, companionable man—and turn him into a Prohibitionist, and straightway he will want to burn you at the stake. If ever in the old days he was fond of a dram, he would curse in the new days with the palsied every hand which filled a bottle. He would leave your side a grape-tinted, rollicking Bacchus, and come back to you a sorrow-faced, grim-visaged Lozenzo Dow. If the Iowa election will only do something to circumscribe this breed of fanatics, it will not have been held in vain.—St. Joe Gazette.

Holden wants to be a county seat and have a great big court house all her own. The question of dividing Johnson county is cropping out in the editorial columns of the Enterprise. They can never get a majority vote in favor of such a proposition. The present generation will not divide Johnson county.

THE GANGS GRIP GONE.

Train Robbery in the West to be Hereafter Numbered Among the Lost Arts.

The Experiment on the Santa Fe Saturday Morning and Its Tragic Termination.

Engineer Hilton Shot Through the Heart and His Fireman, George Fadle, Fatally Wounded.

One of the Outlaws Enters the Express Car and Makes a Desperate Fight for the Treasure.

Brave Messenger Peterson Drives the Bandit Out of His Car at the Pistol's Point.

What Frank James Says—The News in the City—Full Details of the Blood-thirsty Raid.

K. C. Times.

The attempted robbery of regular east bound passenger and express train on the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe railway at Coolidge, Kan., about 2 o'clock yesterday morning, caused the most intense excitement throughout the city during the day, and the extra edition of the Times giving the first and only news of the affair was eagerly sought after, nearly 10,000 copies of the Times being required to supply the demand. The attack was made by three men, two boarding the engine while the third entered the express car and made a futile attempt to kill the messenger and rob the safe. The two men who jumped upon the engine held drawn revolvers in their hands and seeing the engineer, John R. Hilton, with his hand upon the throttle, called upon him to "pull out quick." Instead of doing this Hilton pushed the lever clear over, when one of the men

SHOT HIM DEAD,

the bullet passing through his heart. At the same time the second man shot George Fadle, the fireman, through the back, Fadle falling from the train upon the platform, while the dead body of Hilton remained in the cab. The third robber entered the express car and began firing at S. S. Peterson, messenger for Wells, Fargo & Co's express, who, at the time, was partially asleep upon an improvised bed of blankets, spread out upon the express safes. Hearing a noise, Peterson partially raised up, when

THE ROBBER FIRED.

The bullet passing over the messenger's head into the car. Instantly Peterson grabbed his revolver close at hand, and jumping up returned the fire but owing to the partial darkness in the car, did not hit his man, and a second bullet whistled close to his head. A second time he attempted to shoot, but the robber retreated from the car and escaped into the darkness, followed by Peterson. The two men on the engine seeing that the game was up, also jumped to the ground, and the three men ran up the track and were lost to view. As quickly as possible

THE DEAD ENGINEER

and wounded fireman were carried into the depot, and news of the outrage telegraphed to headquarters at Topeka and to Dodge City. A special train with a posse of armed men was at once dispatched from Dodge City, and later in the day two men named Loomey and Chambers were arrested on suspicion, and conveyed to Dodge. A lively pursuit is being kept up by the officers, however, and it is more than probable that the third man will be in custody ere many hours. The entire affair was bloodthirsty in the extreme, and the murder of the engineer and shooting of the fireman unnecessary, even had the worst come to pass. If the right men have been captured it is more than likely that all forms of a trial by jury will be dispensed with, and that "western justice" will be dealt the murderers and attempted robbers.

ARRIVAL OF THE TRAIN AT COOLIDGE.

Shortly after 2 o'clock yesterday morning passenger train No. 4 of

the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe, bound for Kansas City, drew up at the depot at Coolidge, and a few hungry passengers jumped off and went into the eating house to get luncheon. Conductor C. S. Greeley had gone inside the depot building to get his orders from the telegraph office, and the twenty minutes which is ordinarily allowed for the stop at Coolidge having almost expired, was preparing to start the train. While moving about the depot platform, Conductor Greeley noticed two men, who afterwards proved to belong to the robbers, standing in the depot. At that time of course he had no dream that they were bandits, and in fact paid no attention to them. He was going forward to the engine to give the engineer his orders when he noticed a man whom he supposed to be a tramp climbing into the express car. The fellow was behind the conductor until the express car was reached and then he ran around Greeley and began climbing into the front side of the express car. Thinking that the fellow was a tramp who wanted to steal a ride, Conductor Greeley said, "Com out of there—"

THE FUSILLADE IN THE CAR.

It was these words spoken by conductor Greeley to the supposed tramp that first awoke the express messenger, Samuel S. Peterson, who was sleeping on a bunk in front of the first side door of the car. Mr. Peterson had finished his work at Coolidge and was nearly asleep when conductor Greeley rather harshly ordered the intruder to step down and out. The latter, so far from obeying, paid no attention to the conductor's command, and when the messenger opened his eyes he saw the man standing in near the door, pistol in hand. Quick as a flash the robber, for such he was, fired at the prostrate messenger, and then wheeling around, fired at conductor Greeley, who still stood on the platform looking into the car through the door. Messenger Peterson, laying in the situation at a glance, lay still for an instant and lead the robber to believe that he had been shot and was dead. After the robber shot at the conductor he retreated toward the rear of the car but before he had reached the side door, Peterson had contrived to lay hands on his pistol, and springing to a sitting posture on his bunk, he fired at the intruder, in whose body the bullet probably took effect. The robber fired one or two shots after this, both of which were wide of the mark, and then jumped out of the rear side door, down to the platform of the depot. An accomplice who had attempted to enter the car by the front side door was frightened away by the grit of the brave messenger, and both of the bandits left the express car, with Peterson complete master of the situation.

The baggage man, a man named Johnson, was sitting in the rear side door when the first robber entered the car, but he ran into the depot as soon as the shooting began.

Conduc Greeley, on being shot at by the robber, ran to the front platform of the express car and crossed over to the other side of the train. Being unarmed, Greeley saw at a glance that he could do nothing to prevent a robbery.

The brakeman, who stood on the depot platform near the scene of the shooting, reached the opposite side of the track by going under the car.

ATTACKING THE ENGINEER.

Hardly had the reports of the five shots fired in the express car died away, when a fusillade began at the engine which ended far more disastrously. Engineer John Hilton had just received from conductor Greeley the signal to start, and already had his hand upon the throttle, when he heard the shots in the express car. Instead of pulling out the engineer paused to ascertain what was the matter behind, and at this moment a man sprang into the cab, and covering Hilton with a revolver, said: "Pull out, you—"

At this Hilton took his hand off the throttle and turned his face toward his assailant. The bandit uttered not another word, but pulled the trigger, and the brave engineer fell

dead at his feet. The fireman, Fadle, then jumped out of the platform, and the robber, having finished the engineer, turned on the fireman, shooting him down. The bullet lodged in Fadle's neck, and the wound was thought to be fatal.

THE SCENE.

The town of Coolidge is a small station located 469 miles west of this city, and a few miles east of the Colorado state line. It lies in a sparsely settled section of country, and is well adapted for a train robbery. The mountains of Colorado are close at hand, and the panhandle of Texas is not far distant. Either may be reached by several days' traveling through a country in which there are few inhabitants.

AN EXPERT'S EXPRESSION.

Gallatin, Mo., Sept. 29.—Over here we just take great interest in train robberies and robbers, having the chief of robbers a compulsory citizen among us. When the Times got here this morning with the account of the attempted robbery at Coolidge, Kan., the story created no little excitement and has been the talk of the town, and no one has talked more about it and with a higher exultation than Frank James. He remarked to your correspondent today, who visited him in jail to get his views about the robbery:

"Now if I was out, or Jesse was alive, that robbery would be put down to the James boys. That was the case for fifteen years or more. A stage couldn't be robbed from Main to Texas, or a train robbed from New York to San Francisco, that the James boys didn't do it."

"This little affair," continued Frank, "will rather convince the public that the James boys are not responsible for every raid in the country, or I suppose not, after all. I have no doubt some of the eastern papers who claim I am out of jail, will write up 'poor old Missouri,' and say Frank James has gone back to his old business. See if they don't."

"There's talk" remarked your correspondent, "that Jim Cummins was in it."

"Pshaw" said Frank, "Jim wasn't there, and Jim since he left Tennessee is not making himself very frequent anywhere. He isn't the kind of a man to lead or undertake any job of the kind." Frank rather gloates over the event, and says it shows up pretty conclusively that much charged to the James boys has been false, for as sure as fate if he were out the job would have been put upon him.

The F. and M. Bank.

The annual meeting of the Farmers' and Manufacturers' Bank was held in the directors' room of the bank, in this city, on last Saturday, and the following directors were elected for the ensuing year: J. C. Ferguson, J. J. Francisco, J. R. Estill, T. B. Farmer, J. C. Burns, F. G. Bate, Geo. Templeton, Wm. Leslie and A. F. Davis. The directors met subsequently and elected the following officers: J. C. Ferguson, cashier; R. C. Massie, assistant cashier. The last three gentlemen are now managing the business of the bank, Mr. Swinney, the old cashier, having accepted a situation in a leading national bank at Colorado, Texas, for which point he left on Friday last. His many friends here wish him success in his new field of labor.—Rich Hill Review.

Missouri is taking lead in the matter of uniting the sections and people once estranged by civil war. She is driving the last nail in the coffin of sectionalism. The generous spirit exhibited by the reunion of Union and Confederate soldiers at Springfield during the month of August has been duplicated as near as could be by the reunion last week at Marysville. This is the kind of sentiment every patriotic citizen should encourage. The war has been a dead issue too long for sensible men to cling to even for political buncomb. The future is pregnant with great issues and important problems to solve. The past is irretrievable. The future is what we will make it. Let us not, therefore, waste time by grieving over what might have been or in trying to embitter life by feeding it on the animosities engendered by war.